

THE
PRODIGALS
PILGRIMAGE.
A Poem.

Wherein is contained all the
Remarkable Passages occurring
from his Birth to his Return.

*Omnis semper Philosophia damnavit
Mixtas Penitentiae voluptates. Sen.*

L O N D O N,

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eds lla bonisaco a nispod
quibus lla t m p m
a m m m m m m m m m

M m m m m m m m m m
a m m m m m m m m m

To the much Honoured

JOHN TRY, Esq;

S I R,

THe Prodigal, upon his Return, with great Reason pays his Respects to You, who was Privy to his Departure, (if probably this seem Ænigmatical to the Reader, I ask his Pardon, 'tis enough your self takes my Meaning.) This Person, were he not bugely sensible of your kind Complacency, would still appear as true a Prodigal as ever. In the agitation of Spirit, and search of thought, among many motives for this his Revisitation, he cou'd not determine on a more powerful and prevailing inducement, than the shelter he hopes to find under your

A 2

Roof,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Roof, from the storms and injuries of Critical Fortune. You, whose worthy Temper, Ingenuity, and good Humour, (not to open into the Field of your excelling Justice, Integrity, and other numerous Virtues,) delights not in Satyrical Reflexions, or ill-natur'd Cavils; but whose Mind is constantly exercised in amicable Offices, in friendly offers, and as friendly acceptations of well-meant applications to you of any sort; not unlike the great Augustus Cæsar, who never dismissed any person Discontented or Disobliged.

Your innate Charity to all in general, and more especially to this relenting Penitent, he assures himself, is so tender of his well-fare, that you will Indulge him, if it be but for fear he should grow desperate, and Relapse, and so his last Aberrations, and State, should prove far worse than the first.

He believes he need say no more on his

The Epistle Dedicatory.

own behalf, presuming on your mighty Goodness; only this he begs leave to super-add,-- That in the declension of his late Meridian Splendor, he, having met with a Person that was immers'd in much the same Ill-circumstances with his unfortunate Self, takes the confidence to bring him with him upon the same account of Respect and Homage; well-hoping your inexhausted Generosity, will not refuse to extend your Smiles to him likewise: he goes by the Name of Penferoso.

The Prodigal has not kept so much Company to be ignorant of, or defective in good Manners; nor has lost his Breeding, together with his Fortunes; but still retains a fit proportion. In Civility therefore to his Friend, a Stranger, he puts him in before him, thus to kiss your hands; (and so dos, with all due regard, your most faithful humble Servant, R. C.)

Il Penferoso.

[* * *]

Il Penferoso.

TELL me not Youth and Health can give
This our deceiving Life Content,
Who-e're we are resolv'd to Live,
Their sickly Pleasures all are spent :
And all the while they burn so bright,
Only give Lust and Error light.

II.

Tell me not there are Charms in Faces,
A Lip, an Eye, a Blush, an Air ;
With all the other simpering Graces
Which the Enchanted World calls *Fair* :
Whilst I must either burn, or flake
My Flames in some polluted Lake.

III.

Tell me not there are Learned *Parts*,
The Mind's Indowments to be had ;
And all the other *Bedlam Arts*
With which *Grammarians* can run mad ;
Which bought with loss of Health and Rest,
Make us wise *Gypsies* at the best.

IV.

Tell me not *Virtue's* Worth can fill
The Soul's wide Centre, since we know

[* *]

No Difference between Good and Ill,
But as Opinion calls 'em so :

Since Honesty from Earth is fled,
And to be Good, is to be Dead.

V.

Tell me not there are Mines, in which
Painful and toiling Industry
May hope with delving to grow Rich,
Whilst I, condemn'd by Destiny,
With killing Envy do behold,
And worship Mules that carry Gold.

VI.

Tell me not Pow'r and Government
Within their bright Sphere do contain
All that can sweeten and content
Our wretched Life: The greatest Pain
Of all my Torment is, to see
That Beasts must rule and trample me.

VII.

Tell me not any thing is Good,
Just, Fair, or Lovely; if there be
Something by others understood,
'Tis so to them, and not to me,
Who, t'an indifferent Fortune curst,
Envy alike the best and worst.

The

The AUTHOR to the Beaus
of this Age.

IN these few Lines, you Beaus, you may behold
The PRODIGAL, his Actions manifold;
His Lofty Pride, and then his Low Estate,
And by his Life may learn to guide your Fate.
And if you chance the self-same Course to run,
I wish you would look home, as he hath done,
And have a serious Eye unto the End,
'Tis better late, than never, to amend.

Longè vadit, qui nunquam redit.

THE
Prodigals Pilgrimage:

When the full *Period* of my *Time* was come,
That *Nature* call'd me from my *Mother*
To visit this *Mad World*, and plac'd me here (*Womb*
Within the compass of this *Hemisphere*,
To Act my part upon this *Earthly Stage*
Amongst the *Children* of this *sinful Age*;
She took me by the *Hand*, and gave me *streight*
Up to my *Nurse*, commanding her to wait,
And carefully to lay me on her *Lap*,
Feed me with wholesome *Milk*, and needful *Pap*;
To Swaddle me in *Clouts*, to keep me warm
From *Cold*, from *Hunger*, or what else might harm
My tender *Limbs*, and she her self would be
Still near at hand to *Aid* and *Comfort* me;
For I, she said, in time must undertake
A Journey, and a *Pilgrimage* must make
Through this wide *Desart*, this vast *Wilderness*,
Where I should meet with many a sad *Distress*;

B

Where

Where I should many strange Encounters find,
 And violent Assaults to lift my Mind
 Off from its proper Hinges, and to throw
 Into a Gulph of everlasting Wo
 Me and my utmost hopes, that I should stand
 Even as a Mark set up for Fortune's hand
 To shoot her Arrows at; that I should be
 Environ'd round with that Triplicity
 Of Mortal Enemies, that would be sure
 To seek my Ruin, and my Wrack procure,
 The World, the Flesh, and Lucifer's damn'd hate,
 Who prosecutes Man's good and hopeful State
 With Malice and Despight in every place,
 Would cross my passage in this dangerous Race,
 And seek to win me by their cunning Art,
 To Consecrate the best of all my Heart
 To their Devotion, and to draw me in
 To be a Slave, or Servant sold to Sin.
 And therefore it was requisite that I
 Should have a careful Nurse, that might supply,
 And make me able to adventure through
 This uncouth Wilderness; where ev'ry Bough,
 In this my restless Pilgrimage would stay
 My weary'd Steps, and intercept my Way.

All this my Nurse and Nature did consider,
 And both combin'd, as I conceive, together

In Cherishing me up: For I ere long had out-
 Forsook my Nurse's Lap, I grew so strong,
 And stood alone, and walk'd without a Stay,
 Or any Hand to guide me in the Way.
 Then, like a cap'ring Frog, I skip'd about
 In ev'ry Corner of the House throughout,
 And was as nimble as a Mouse that spy'd
 A Cat prepar'd to leap upon her Hyde.
 Then would I to my Mother's Breasts resort,
 Off'ring to Suck them in a wanton Sport,
 And back again return'd unto my Play;
 And as an Ape with ev'ry gayish Toy
 Is soon surpriz'd, so did I take Delight
 To please my wanton Childish Appetite
 With whatsoever the Object did instill
 Into my Fancy, were it Good or Ill.
 Here Nature gave me leave a while to stay,
 And sport my self, then on I took my Way,
 For now she had infused to ev'ry Vein
 Hot, Youthful Blood, and fill'd my wandring Brain
 With such a strong imaginary Stream
 Of fond Delights, as I began to dream
 That all this Universe was but a Stage
 Of glitt'ring Pomp, and glorious Equipage,
 Which should for ever last, as if the Wheel
 Of Fortune had been fix'd, and could not reel.

She also had imparted to my *Mind*
 Some little *Understanding*, how to find
 Content in what I did: Thus did she ring
 A *Larum* to my *Senses*, gave each *Limbe*
 A quick *Agility*, to ev'ry *Part*
 An active *Vigor*, and she crown'd my *Heart*
 With *Joy* and *Gladness*, so that I conceiv'd
 Nothing but *Mirth* had been to me bequeath'd.

She brought me from the *House*, into the *Fields*,
 And look what *Pleasure* or *Content* that yields,
 I Reap'd at full, I Skipp'd from Place to Place
 Like a young wanton *Kid*, pursu'd my *Chace*
 From *Hill* to *Dale*, I ran through *Thick* and *Thin*,
 No *Limits* could contain nor bound me in.
 I *Sung*, I *Danc'd*, I gather'd *fragrant Flowers*,
 Such as *fair Virgins* beautifie their *Bowers*,
 And deck their *Bridal Chambers* with, the *Rose*
 Which in the *Spring* doth first of all disclose.
 The *Honey-Suckle*, and sweet *Eglantine*,
Love and *Hearts-Ease*, but good and wholsome *Time*
 I utterly neglected, and for *Rue*,
 Or *Herbs of Grace*, I ever did eschew.
 These healthful *Herbs* seem'd bitter to my *Tast*,
 Harsh and unfavory, I therefore cast
 On them a careless *Look*, and with an *Eye*
 Full of *Disdain* and *Scorn*, I pass'd them by;

I wash'd my *Body* in the Silver stream,
 Rub'd off the Dust and Sweat, then wip'd it clean;
 Then did I many *Frisks* and *Capers* make
 Upon the flow'ring Grass, and often shake
 My *dewy Locks*, so tumbling up and down,
 Laugh'd out my Days, ne're dreaming of a Frown.
 I thousand other *Recreations* took:
 Sometimes I cast my *Angle* in the Brook,
 And with some Artificial *Fly* or *Gnat*
 Deceiv'd those silly *Fish* that *Bit* thereat:
 Then would I set some *Spring*, or cunning *Gin*,
 To catch those pretty *Birds* that peep'd therein:
 And sometimes hunt the *Fox*, or fearful *Hare*,
 Or use some *Art* to take them in my *Snare*;
 And with my nimble and strong scented *Hound*
 Pursue the *Buck*, or pull the *Stag* to ground;
 And from their Misery and hard Distress
 I did receive a kind of Happiness.
 And thus, as in *Elizium* Fields, my days
 I seem'd to spend, ne're dreaming of those ways,
 Those *Rugged*, *Rough*, and dang'rous passages,
 Those *Brakes*, those *Briers*, and that *Wilderness*
 I was to *Wander* through, nor of those *Foes*
 That lie in wait where e're poor *Mortal* goes,
 To strip him of his *Richest Ornaments*,
 His *Faith*, his *Grace*, his *spotless Innocence*;

And

And in their stead, his *wretched Soul* invest
 With *loathsome Rags*, which God doth much detest.
 I hitherto was *Blind*; I could not *See*,
 Nor understand the *Fatal Destiny*,
 Which, like the *Sword of Damocles*, hung down
 Just perpendicular upon my *Crown*;
 And in the midst of all my *Pomp and Cheer*,
 Fore-shew'd my *Fall and Ruin* to be near;
 My *Feet* were *Fetter'd* yet, and could not *Run*
 The *Race* which they most gladly would have *done*;
 My *Hands* were also *Pinyon'd*, and my *Mind*
 Within it's *Orb and Circle* was confin'd;
 For with a careful *Look*, and awful *Eye*,
 My Parents *Mark'd* me when I *step'd awry*,
 And often brought me to the *Fold* again,
 When I was *lost* and *stragling* in the *Plain*;
 I had besides a *Tutor*, to *Survey*
 My *wandering Steps*, and keep me at a *Bay*;
 At home, and eke abroad, I had a *Guide*
 To *Prop* me up, when I began to *Slide*.
 But when the *Rod* was *Burnt*, and *winged Time*
 Compell'd these careful *Guardians* to *Relign*,
 And leave me to my *Self*, as being now
 A *Knotty Piece*, more apt to *Break* than *Bow*;
 When *Nature* had perform'd her *Work* in me,
 And rais'd me from a *Shrub* unto a *Tree*:
 When

When she had furnish'd me in ev'ry point,
 Made strong each *Sinew*, knit each slender *Joynt*,
 And with soft *Down* had so enrich'd my *Chin*,
 As new Spring Leaves adorn the Trees in Spring :
 Then did I hoise up *Sails*, and from the *Shoar*,
 Into the swelling *Ocean* with my *Oar*,
 I forthwith sought to *Lanch*, both *Wind* and *Tide*,
 And all black threatening *Gusts*, I did deride.
 I cast the *servile Yoke* from off my *Neck*,
 A *Frown* seem'd harsh to me, much more a *Check*;
 And from my former *Sports* I scom'd to think
 That e're my *lofty Spirit* could stoop to Drink
 At such a *puddled Stream* : The *Court* alone
 Presented to my thoughts a *glitt'ring Throne*,
 Enrich'd with all *Delights* ; and therefore now
 The *Portion* which my *Birth-right* did allow
 I labour'd to obtain ; nor could the kind
 And fair *perswasions* of my *Parents* bind
 My *refractory Will*, but ev'ry thought,
 Like an *Enchanted Spell*, within me wrought,
 'Till, like a *Pilgrim*, labouring in a streight,
 I found the *Error* of my vain *Conceit*.
 When I had fill'd my *Bags*, and cram'd my *Purse*,
 I bad adieu, *fall better*, or *fall worse* ;
 So mounting up upon a *stateely Steed*,
 I cry'd, *St. George* and *Fortune* be my speed ;

And

And as I pass'd along, where e're I came,
 My large Expences *Eccho'd* out my Name;
 At last I touch'd, and Landed at that Shore,
 Where, *Tagus* like, the Sand with *Golden Ore*
 Did seem to be *Inrich'd*, this place I spy'd
 Like *Ilium* in the height of all her *Pride*.
 For at my first *Arrival* there I found
Mirth at its height, and *Pleasure* to abound;
 The *Air* with *Acclamations* loud did *Ring*,
 The *People* Danc'd and Sung, as in the *Spring*;
 The *Winged Choiristers* did stretch their *Throats*,
 To *Carrol* out a *Thousand* sev'ral *Notes*;
 The *Bells* did *Ring*, the *Bonfires* up did fly,
 And ev'ry *House* was fill'd with *Melody*;
 The very *Eccho* seem'd to *Rejoice*,
 And to this *Musick* tun'd her curtail'd *Voice*:
 I saw at ev'ry great and spacious *Gate*
Wine dol'd about to *People* as they *sate*;
 I saw at ev'ry mean and common *door*
Beer freely given, both to *Rich* and *Poor*;
 I saw a *Troop* of *Coaches* in the *Street*
 Lin'd with *Brisk Beaus*, and the proud *Horses Feet*
 Struck on the *Pavement* with so loud a *din*,
 As if it had a *ratling Thunder bin*;
 I heard the *Cannons* from the *Tow'r* to *roar*,
 As if the whole *Foundation* would have *tore*:

Of all the *Stately Buildings*, much I mus'd
 To see these *Sights*, and hear this *Noise* confus'd;
 And presently conceiv'd this was the *Cell*
 Where all the *Gods* and *Goddesses* did dwell;
 Or that it was the *Theatre* where they
 Descended to behold *poor Mortals* Play;
 For I had of their *Banquetting* and *Sports*
 Read in the *Histories*, and strange Reports
 Of *Ancient Poets*; then into an Inn
 I set my *Horse*, and call'd the *Chamberlain*;
 I ask'd of him from what *Triumphant Cause*
 Arose that *Joy*, that *Mirth*, and great *Applause*;
 He told me 'twas a *Customary* thing
 In that great *City* for the *Bells* to *Ring*,
 For *Bonfires* to be made, nay, many a time
 The very *Conduits* were to run with *Wine*;
 And how I daily in that place might see
 Of *Sports* and *Pleasures* great *Variety*.
 I then dismiss'd him, and began to think
 This was the very *Spring* where I might *Drink*
 And swallow in *Delight*; I felt a *Fire*
 Surprise my *Blood*, and with a hot desire
 In flame my *Heart*, to put in Practice strait
Pride, *Gluttony*, and *Lust*, that tempting *Bait*.
 Then did my *Flesh* suggest unto my *Mind*,
 That hitherto I had not been so kind

To Her as *She* deserv'd; I had not *Fed*,
 Nor Richly Cloath'd *Her* as *She* merited;
 And that I should do well now to begin
 To Pamper *Her*, who had so loving been;
She bid me cast my wandring Eyes about,
 And look what Beaut'ous Prize I could find out:
She charg'd me with a brisk Result, to make
 A bold Assault, For Gold and Greatness shake
 The strongest Fortrefs, and will pierce the Heart
 Which seem'd Steeled against Cupid's Dart,
 And *She* would not be wanting to fulfill
 My hot desires, and Execute my Will.
 The World did also to mine Eyes present
 Such glitt'ring Splendor, and so Orient,
 That I stood much Amaz'd, and look'd thereon
 Like one surpriz'd with Admiration.
 She bad me not to Wonder, nor to think
 Her Power and Greatness in a small Precinct
 Was Bounded in, but that her Empire run
 As far as e're the Golden tress'd Sun
 Did stretch his glorious Beams, and I should be
 As Brave as any Object I did see:
 In following *Her*, not mighty *Cæsars* state,
 Nor *Cræsus* Riches, should out-shine my Fate.
 With these two Witches came the Devil in,
 And when they ended, then did *He* begin;

He

He show'd me in a *Vision* at one time
 The *Scituation* of this *Earthly Cline*;
 And brought unto my *Sight* such *Beauties* rare,
 As *Rosamond* might not with them compare;
 And did present to my *Enchanted Eyes*
 Such heaps of *Gold*, and *precious Rareties*,
 As bright *Apollo* on his *Burning Car*
 Appeard to them but like a *twinkling Star*;
 And told me, what he show'd me in a *Glass*
 I should *Enjoy*, and really *Possess*,
 If I would be his *Servant*, and obey
 What he *Commanded* both to do and say.
 When they had cunningly my *Senses Charm'd*
 With these *illusive Spells*, they soon disarm'd
 My *Soul* of all her *Heavenly Furniture*,
 Which should have been her *Guard* against their power,
 And I struck *Hands* with them, a *Contract* made,
 Protesting to *observe* what ere they said,
 And wheresoe'er I came, no place nor time
 Should make me their *three Friendships* to resign.
 When *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Loves Beauteous Queen*
 To *Paris* in the *Vale of Life* were seen,
 And there, as three *Corrivals* for the *Prize*
 Of *Beauty's* favour, and commanding *Eyes*,
 Stood in *Contention*, and had made a *Vow*
 To stand to what his *Censure* did allow:

The first propos'd a *Kingdom* and a *Crown*
 For his *Reward*, might *She* be first set down:
 The second told him that *He* should excell
 All Men in *Wisdom*, might she bear the *Bell*:
 The third indeed, who bore the *Prize* away,
 Told him *She* had a *Spouse* as fair as day
 To be his *Partner* in the *Bed* of *Pleasure*,
 Whose *Beauty* was esteem'd so Rich a *Treasure*,
 That many *Kings* and *Princes* for her sake
 Should enter into *Arms*, and undertake
 A *Mortal War*; Millions of *Souls* should spend
 Their *Lives* for *Her*, and for no other end.
Paris was not so much surpriz'd with *Wonder*
 And *Joy*, when he began to think and ponder
 Of what these *Goddeses* to him had said,
 And promis'd too, as I was well apaid
 Of these *Bewitching Syrens*, whose false *Lyes*
 Infected me with *Thousand Vanities*.
 Then did I set a *Flourish* on my *Back*,
 Call'd for my *Taylor*, told him I would lack
 Nothing which now the *Fashion* did require;
 Thus *Pride* did first my *Senses* set on fire.
 Then did I *flaunt* it in the open *Street*,
 And jostled those whom I did chance to meet;
 My *Body* cloath'd in *Silk*, my *Head* implum'd
 With *flaunting Feathers*, and my *Hair* perfum'd;

And

And quickly was I known, for still I wore
 A *Lure* about me, which would make Men fore,
 And stoop to me as fast, as when we see
 A well Man'd *Faulcon* from a lofty Tree
 Descend with speed to seize upon his *Prey*,
 Being *sharp* and *hungry*, kept for *Sport* that day.
 Then to the *Ord'nary* I did frequent,
 Where ev'ry one my *Bounty* did resent,
 And soon my *Friendship* was indear'd to those,
 Who love to be acquainted with good *Cloaths*;
 With *Conge* and with *Cringe*, with *Duck* and *Dive*
 I was Saluted; ev'ry Man did strive
 To be Inroll'd amongst those *Friends*, whom I
 Selected as my choicest *Company*.
 Thus *Flattery*, with his *Enchanting Song*,
 and *Incantation*, wrought on me so strong,
 And did so pow'rfully my *Mind* incense
 With an absur'd *Belief* and *Confidence*,
 As every Man, in my conceit, did seem
 To hold my *Person* in a high *Esteem*:
 For still my *Purse* was ope, and out my *Crowns*
 Flew like the flakes of *Snow* upon the *Downs*.
 Then from the *City* to the *Court* I went,
 To feel the temper of that *Element*:
 Then I observ'd with what a stately *Train*
 Some *Lords* pass'd by, when other *Lords* were fain

To

To stand a loof, and hardly to appear,
 Unless they were unto these *Great Ones* dear.
 I also then observ'd the fond and vain
 Conceited *Antick* of a *Courthy strain*;
 One *Leap'd*, and *Skipt*, and *Sung*, and play'd the *Fool*,
 As if he had been in a *Dancing-School*:
 A second kiss'd his *Hand*, and scrap'd a *Leg*
 To ev'ry one, upon whose lofty *Head*
 A *Feather* did but *Wag*: A third did look
 As big as great *Alcides*, when he shook
 A *Lyon* by the *Beard*; all which did seem
 To me no better than a *sportful Scene*,
 Strange and ridiculous, yet I did fall
 In *Imitation* to exceed them all;
 For there a while I made my *Residence*,
 Ruffling in *Silk* and *Gold*, my large expence
 Had blown my *Fame* and *Credit* long before,
 I soon got *Entrance* at the *Presence Dore*;
 Here one great *Lord* did take me by the *Hand*,
 Another call'd me *Cousen*, bid command
 His *Love* and *Service*, and *Inferiors* strove
 To gain my *Friendship* with obsequious *Love*.
 Thus did I seem to be, in dear'd to all,
Embrac'd and *courted* far beyond my call;
 And whilst my *Head* above the *Stream* did *Swim*
 I found enough to hold me by the *Chin*.

Then

Then to the *City* I return'd again,
 Where I resolv'd my Self to entertain
 With all the *Pleasures* that I could devise.
 And first, I taught my amorous looking *Eyes*
 To Court the choicest *Beauties*, and Inroll
 Their *Wanton glances* in my lustful Soul;
 And with their *piercing Sight* to search and try,
 And pick the very *Lock of Chastity*;
 Whom with *large Promises*, and ample *Gifts*,
 I quickly Won; *Lust* hath a thousand Shifts.
 Then with the rarest *Harmony* I fed
 My curious *Ears*, and on a costly *Bed*
 I laid my *Corps*, and serv'd my *Am'rous touch*
 Till I was *Cloy'd*, and thought I had too much;
 And with the richest *Aromatick Fume*
 I sent the *Incense* of a sweet *Perfume*
 Up to my *Brain*, and did revive my Sense
 Of *Smelling*, with an infinite *Expence*:
 I also did supply my *Liquorish taste*
 With so *profuse* and *Prodigal* a wast,
 That in one *Night* two thousand *Crowns* did fly,
 To please my wanton *Sensuality*:
 I gave my *Mistress Rings* and *Jewels* store,
 And at my *Cost* and *Charge* her Body wore
Silks of the Richest *Die*, *Silver* and *Gold*,
 Or whatsoe're the *Mercers Shop* did hold:

Upon

Upon her *Alabaster* Skin was drawn
 The finest *Holland*, and the purest *Lawn*,
 And whatsoe'er for *Money* could be bought,
 Or *Rich*, or *Rare*, I to my *Mistress* brought.
 And when her *Fancy* drew her out to *Range*,
 To view the *Golden Cheap*, or glitt'ring *Change*;
 Or in the *Fields* to suck the wholesome *Air*,
 To make her Fairer seem, that seem'd most *Fair*;
 A *Rich Caroch*, drawn with six *Prancers*, still
 Stood in a readiness to serve her *Will*:
 And thus in *Wanton Riot* and *Excess*
 I spent my *Time*, ne're dreaming of *Distress*;
 And though my *Crowns* did shrink, and much abate,
 Yet could not *Reason* stir me, nor awake
 My *Understanding*, until all was gone,
 And no *Friend* left me to rely upon;
 For being cloy'd with what I did and saw
 In this great *Town*, then did my *Fancy* draw
 My wand'ring *Thoughts* to visit *Foreign Parts*,
Fashions and *Courts* of other *Potentates*.
 To *Gravesend* then I went, and there I found
 A *Vessel* under *Sayl*, and ready *Bound*,
 Which landed me upon the *Coast of France*,
 Where to the *Court* I did my self advance;
 Then with the *Monsieurs* I did flaunt it out,
 Pranc'd on my *Foot-cloth Paris* round about,

And

And with the greatest *Lords*, and mighty *Dukes*,
 I did consort in rich and costly *Suits* ;
 There I saluted the *Parisian Dames*,
 And Courted *Ladies* of the greatest *Names*,
 And was accounted a brave *Cavalier*
 Of high *Esteem*, and to their Persons dear.
 But when my *Crowns* were spent, and that fair crew
 Of *Angels*, which so thick about me flew,
 And rais'd my Person to that high *Esteem*,
 Had took their flight, and could no more be seen ;
 Then did my *Reputation* quickly crack,
 My Purse grew Sick, the Cloaths upon my Back
 Grew Poor, and *Threedbare* too, my *Credit* fail'd,
 I had so far beyond my *Compass* Sail'd ;
 And they with whom I had great *Empire* born
 Look'd on me then but with *Contempt* and *Scorn* ;
 And every one did note my *Poverty*,
 A *Lackey* scarce would keep me *Company* :
 Then was I driven to a narrow strait,
 Where I *Commanded* I was glad to *Wait*,
 And where I had my *Foot* the foremost set
 I shrunk, like dainty *Lawn* in *Water* wet ;
 And when my *Money* was all spent and gone,
 As *Marygolds* at Setting of the *Sun*
 Shrink in their *Heads*, so did I hide my *Face*,
 When that bright *Sun* was Set that did me *Grace* :

D

Then

Then I resolv'd to change that luckless *Air*;
 And once more to my *Native Soil* repair,
 To visit *England's Court*, where I in store
 Had many *Friends* that would not see me *Poor*.
 So on I came, as fast as well I could,
 Trudging on *Foot*, for now my *Horse* was *Sold*;
 And wand'ring like a *Pilgrim* all alone,
 With many a deep fetch'd *Sigh* and heavy *Groan*,
 At last I came unto a *Forrest* side,
 And in I entred without help or guide;
 Where having pass'd some *Miles*, I saw in view
 A *Troop* of *Forrest Beasts*, a *Savage Crew*;
 Whereat being much *Amaz'd*, and sore *Agast*,
 I took a *Tree*, and Mark'd them as they past.
 I saw a *Lyon* march before the rest
 With stately *Motion*, as became him best;
 And after him a *spotted Leopard*
 Came stalking like some proud ambitious *Lord*:
 I saw th'untamed *Panther* then to come,
 And after him a *Unicorn* to run:
 I saw a *Boar* assault another *Beast*,
 And with his furious *Tusks* did gore his *Breast*:
 I saw a cruel *Wolf* surprize a *Deer*,
 And pluck him down, and out his *Bowels* tear:
 I saw a *Fox* pursue a gentle *Lamb*,
 That *Bleating* stood, and cry'd unto his *Dam*:

I saw a *Tyger* his fierce *Visage* hide
 So cunningly, as none his *falsehood* spy'd,
 And only shew'd his *smooth* and *dainty Skin*,
 Which smelt so *Sweet*, that many *Beasts* came in
 To *Wonder* at him, till at last he got
 His *Prey* within his reach; then out he shot
 His *dreadful Looks*, and with a nimble speed,
 As swift as *Air*, pursu'd a gallant *Steed*.
 Lord! how this *Spectacle* did damp my *Mind*,
 To see these *Beasts* so *Cruel* to their *Kind*,
 Ne're Dreaming the like *Cruelty* did rest
 In *Manly Shapes*, and in a *Humane Breast*.
 These being past, I did descend again,
 And forwards took my *Journey* to the *Main*,
 Where being Mounted on *Proud Neptune's Back*,
 I found he *Roar'd*, and made the *Vessel Crack*,
 As if he had been *Angry* at the ill
 I had committed: but we *Sail'd* on still,
 And at the last came to the wish'd for *Shore*,
 Where, when I *Landed*, I had paid my *Score*;
 My *Purse* was quite *Exhaust*, and by the way
 I for my *Succour* was compell'd to *Pray*;
 At last my tired *Legs* my *Body* brought
 Unto that *Harbor* which my wishes sought,
 And where I hop'd a present *Cure* to find,
 To ease my sad and discontented *Mind*;

And therefore with a *Resolute* intent;
 To see a *dear* and *special Friend* I went :
 A *special Friend*, said I? a *special Foe* :
 For when I had recounted all my *Woe* ;
 When I had told him all my *Care* and *Grief*,
 He seem'd to give me *Scorn*, and not *Relief* ;
 When I had open'd and unlock'd my *Heart*,
 Show'd him how *Fortune* had discharg'd her *Dart*,
 And shot me thro' and thro', had pluck'd me bare,
 And left me not a *Feather* for my share ;
 And that I had no *Penny* to redeem
 My *Body* from the *Rancor* of her *Spleen* ;
 He (like a *River*, whose fair *Stream* grows dry
 In heat of *Summer*, when necessity
 Requireth *Water* most) answer'd again,
 His *Purse* was weak to bear up his own *Train*,
 Much less could prop up the declining state
 Of other Men. Then did I see my *Fate*
 By my *Acquaintance* ; others then I try'd,
 But all I found *Infected* with like *Pride*,
 With like *Ingratitude* ; there was not one
 Whose *Heart* was not *Transform'd* into a *Stone*.
 Then was I driven, by the hand of *Fate*
 And hard *Necessity*, an *Alms* to take
 Of those, whose *Fortunes* I had known but *Poor*,
 And Beg'd my *Bread* ev'n at a *Beggar's Door* ;

And

And in the *Fields* I was compell'd to stand,
 And ask a *Penny* at a *Stranger's* hand.
 Where I had many a *Hungry Belly* fed,
 Had many *Cloath'd*, had many *Visited*,
 And with my *Bounty* rais'd their *Spirits up*,
 Whom *Fortune* forc'd to drink her *Bitter Cup*;
 Where I had *Money* in abundance *Spent*,
 Where I had *Moneys* given, had *Moneys* lent,
 I hardly got so much as would suffice
 One *Hungry Meal*. Then did my *Stomach* rise,
 And from the deep *Abyss*, my inrag'd heart
 Call'd up *Revenge* to Act her *Tragick* part:
 I did implore the *Pow'rs* of *Heav'n* to Crown
 Their heads with *Shame*, and Rain such *Veng'ance* down,
 That ev'ry *Minute* might as tedious be
 To them; as they seem'd tedious to me:
 I did invoke the *Infernal Hags* of *Hell*,
 To sad *Despair* their *Wretched Lives* to sell:
 I courted *Atropos*, at my request,
 To draw her *Fatal Sisters* to detest
 Their *bateful Lives*, and to combine in one
 To cut their *Threed of Life* which they had *Spun*:
 I charg'd each *Planet*, I adjur'd each *Star*
 To threaten and denounce *Intestine War*:
 I Pray'd and Su'd to ev'ry *Element*,
 To be *Prodigious* and *Malevolent*:

I woo'd the Earth to swallow them
[22]

I Woo'd the *Earth* to swallow them *Alive*,
I Woo'd the *Air* their *Mischiefs* to contrive;
I Woo'd the *Waters*, with a *Raging Flood*
To *overwhelm* and *Bury* them in *Mud*:
I Woo'd the *Fire* to descend in *Flames*,
And utterly *Consume* their *Rotting Names*:
I Woo'd the *Thunder-Bolts* to strike them *Dead*,
And throw the *Sulph'rous Lightning* on their *Head*:
I Woo'd the *Moon*, her *Silver Lamp* to shrow'd
Within the *Bosom* of a *gloomy Cloud*:
I Woo'd the *Sun* to hide his *glorious Rayes*,
I Woo'd the *silent Night*, I woo'd the *Days*,
To yield them no *Relief*, but let them run
From place to place, like *Men* with *Furies* stung:
Thus in a *Frantick*, *Mad*, and *Bedlam* rage,
The *Pow'rs* of *Heav'n* and *Earth* I did engage
My *Quarrel* to *Revenge*, to shoot their *Darts*
In my *Defence*, and *Wound* their *Treach'rous Hearts*:
I kick't the *Earth*, I tore my *careless Hair*,
And in a *Melancholy* sad *Despair*
I drew my *Sword*, his wretched *Life* to end,
That had nor *Penny* left, nor yet a *Friend*.
But by the *Mercy* of the *Pow'r Divine*
My *furious Hand* was staid, and I resign'd
My *Heart* to *Patience*, and began to call
To strict *Account* my *Life* and *Actions* all;

I did consider my *Offence* was great,
 And oftentimes I did the same repeat:
 I did consider that I had done ill,
 And oftentimes that *Thought* my hopes did kill:
 And yet I thought there could be no *Offence*
 So great, but that a *Father* might dispence:
 I thought what ill soever could be done,
 A *Father* might forgive a *Penitent Son*:
 I will Resolve, I will, quoth I, go home,
 Pour out my *Plaints* to him, to him make *Moan*;
 I'll *Beg*, *Intreat*, and *Supplication* make,
 And ask *forgiveness* for my *Saviour's* sake.
 So homeward to my *Fathers House* I went,
 And ere I came a *Messenger* I sent;
 I sent him word a *Prodigal* was come,
 A *Prodigal* that once was call'd his *Son*;
 But now that *Interest* I did forgo,
 For why? my *Sins* deserv'd it should be so;
 I should be happy if I might retain
 A *Hireling's Room*, and in his *House* remain;
 To be admitted to a *Servants* place,
 I hold exceeding *Love*, exceeding *Grace*.
 When of my *Coming* he did understand,
 My *Father* ran to me, and shook my *Hand*,
 Fell on my *Neck*, and *kiss'd* me, brought me home,
 Strip'd off those *Rags* which were so loathsome grown,
 And

And Cloath'd me well, my hungry Belly fill'd,
 Ev'n with the *Fatling* that for me was kill'd;
 Upon my Finger put a Ring of Gold,
 And gave me *Blessings* great and manifold,
 And told me he would all forger, forgive,
 And that I should with him for ever live.
 Then fell I prostrate on my bended Knee
 Before the 'high *Eternal Deity*,
 Presenting at his *Altar*, as a true
Idea of a Soul refined New,
 My Penitent Tears, which in abundance I
 Shed for my Time consum'd in *Vanity*;
 I did *Abjure*, *Renounce*, and cast off clear
 Those *Vanities* which I had held so Dear;
 In *Contemplation* I resolv'd to spend
 The Remnant of my Days, until my End;
 So in a private, solitary Cell,
 I, with Old *Timon*, bad the *World* farewell.

F I N I S

